Shal. Go to I ſay, he ſhal haue no wrong, look about Dauy: where are you ſir Iohn? come, come, come, off with your boots, giue me your hand maſter Bardolfe.

Bard. I am glad to ſee your worſhip.

Shal I thank thee with my heart kind maſter Bardolfe, and welcome my tall fellow, come ſir Iohn.

Falſt. Ile follow you good maiſter Robert Shallow: Bardolfe, looke to our horſes: if I were ſawed into quantities, I ſhould make foure dozen of ſuch berded hermites ſtaues as maiſter Shallow: it is a wonderfull thing to ſee the ſemblable coherence of his mens ſpirits, and his, they, by obſeruing him, do beare themſelues like fooliſh Iuſtices: hee, by conuerſing with them, is turned into a Iuſtice-like ſeruingman, their ſpirits are ſo married in coniunction, with the participation of ſociety, that they flocke together in conſent, like ſo many wild-geeſe. If I had a ſuite to maſter Shallow, I would humour his men with the imputation, of beeing neere their maiſter: if to his men, I would curry with maiſter Shallow, that no man could better commaund his ſeruants. It is certaine, that eyther wiſe bearing, or ignorant cariage is caught, as men take diſeaſes one of another: therefore let men take heede of their company. I will deuiſe matter enough out of this Shallow, to keepe prince Harry in continuall laughter, the wearing out of ſixe faſhions, which is foure termes, or two actions, and a ſhal laugh without interuallums. O it is much that a lie, with a ſlight oathe, and a ieſt, with a ſad browe, will doe with a fellow that neuer had the ach in his ſhoulders: O you ſhall ſee him laugh til his face be like a wet cloake ill laide vp.

Shal. Sir Iohn.

Falſt. I come maiſter Shallow, I come maſter Shallow.

Enter Warwike, duke Humphrey, L. chiefe Iuſtice, Thomas Clarence, Prince, Iohn Weſtmerland.

War. How now, my lord chiefe Iuſtice, whither away?

Iuſt. How doth the King?

War. Exceeding well, his cares are now all ended.

Iuſt. I hope not dead.

War.

War. Hees walkt the way of nature,
And to our purpoſes he liues no more.

Iuſt. I would his Maieſtie had calld me with him:
The ſeruice that I truely did his life,
Hath left me open to all iniuries.

War. Indeede I thinke the yong King loues you not.

Iuſt. I know he doth not, and do arme my ſelfe
To welcome the condition of the time,
Which cannot looke more hideouſly vpon me,
Than I haue drawne it in my fantaſie.

Enter Iohn, Thomas, and Humphrey.

War. Heere come the heauy iſſue of dead Harry:
O that the liuing Harry had the temper
Of he, the worſt of theſe three gentlemen!
How many Nobles then ſhould holde their places,
That muſt ſtrike ſaile to ſpirites of vile ſort?

Iuſt. O God, I feare all will be ouer-turnd.

Iohn Good morrow coſin Warwicke, good morrow.

Prin. ambo Good morrow coſin.

Iohn We meete like men that had forgot to ſpeake.

War. We do remember, but our argument
Is all too heauy to admit much talke.

Iohn Well, peace be with him that hath made vs heauy.

Iuſt. Peace be with vs, leſt we be heauier.

Humph. O good my lord, you haue loſt a friend indeede,
And I dare ſweare you borrow not that face
Of ſeeming ſorrow, it is ſure your owne.

Iohn Though no man be aſſurde what grace to finde,
You ſtand in coldeſt expectation,
I am the ſorier, would twere otherwiſe.

Cla. Well, you muſt now ſpeake ſir Iohn Falſtaffe faire,
Which ſwimmes againſt your ſtreame of quallitie.

Iuſt. Sweet princes, what I did, I did in honor,
Led by th'impartiall conduct of my ſoule.
And neuer ſhall you ſee that I will begge
A ragged and foreſtald remiſſion,

If